NEW YORK, SUNDAY, JUNE 28, 1891.

MISS BASHKIRTSEFF AGAIN.

INTERESTING LETTERS NOT PRINTED IN HER JOURNAL.

They Reveal Nothing New but Emphs All that Her Admirers Found in the First Book Her Mother Published Revelations to Friends, Relatives, and

vealed ber-eif in interminable letters to ber dearest friends, or in the pages of the diary which she was so confident that no eyes but her's should sean, more clearly than Marie Bashkirtseff, in the "Journal" which has made her famous throughout the world. In that journal is no affectation of coyness. As she writes to Edmond de Goncourt, she was "endowed with a feeling of pride, which has obliged her to set herself down exactly as she is. To show these records to any one would be to lay bare to him her inmest soul." As a result of this pride, of this absence of a delihibits Marie Bashkirtseff perhaps more clearly she is fond of noting—charming, learned, witty, childish, thoughtful, a philosopher who mourns for herself but not for others—a girl of whom it might be said, without the maliciousness of Gilbert, that she considered herself in truth "a trustee for Beauty," who knew her charms, and knowing them was glad; a woman who felt much, and would have done more had she

something was wanting, which this week will see supplied—Marie Bashkir sell's letters. Of these there are but five score; but they show Marie as she showed herself to her friends. A diary is either meant for strangers' eyes, when er it is meant to be secret, in which case it can ters give a living portrait of a living person, and especially do those letters of Marie Bushkirtseff.
Only extracts can be made from the letters.

To begin with, this is a letter to a friend, written when Marie was but nine years old: "The day before yes erday I took my first

lesson in natural philosophy.

"Ah, I am very well satisfied with myself! What a great happiness that is!

"How are your studies progressing? Write to me. I beg of you.
"I received the Dorby. The races at Baden!

"I received the Derby. The races at Baden! How I should like to be there! But no. I would not; I must study; and I was with a weight on my heart that I read about the running of \(\lambda ----\) shores. I regained my composure with some difficulty and consoled myself, saying 'Let us study; let us study; our t me will come, if Go i whis it."

"The only hour I have tree is the breakfast hour, and they generally those othat time to tease me about \(\lambda ----\), and I blush as I do at everything. Mamma takes my part, saying, 'Why will you a ways tease her about that \(\lambda -----\); "Mamma was very good to day. In the end

Why will you a ways tease her about that

"Namma was very good to-day. In the end
I reruy believe I shall grow fond of her.

"She ch tied and laugited and told us stories
of her girlhood, and rectied verses for us.

"lesterday, at the French I saon, I read sacred history and tie Ten Commandments. God says we must not make
to ourselves the image of anyming that is in the heavens above. The
Greeks and the Eomans were in error; they
were idolaters who worshiped statues and
painting. I am very far from following their
example. I believe in God, our Saviour, and the
Virgin, and i honer some of the saints, not ail,
for some of them are manufactured like plum
cake.

"Ged forgive me for this way of thinking, if
i he wrong, but to my simple mind that a how
things appear, and I cannot appear, otherwise
than as I levi. Are you pleased with my
letter?"

Truly the child of nine was the mother of the woman who died before her time, yet

or "Why do we detest some recopie without knowing why? I was at peace when P—and her mother came, and n w I would like to run away. They are good, amiable, and not stupid, but I cannot bear them.

"We went to see the grotto at Spa; I do not know how to describe it to you, and yet how great a pleasure it would be to me, later on, to come across a good description (I will note it all down in my journal of what I saw!

come across a good escription if will note it all down in my journal of what I saw! I know that I admired it greatly; but I am sure that there are much more beautiful grottoes in the neighborhood, not to speak of other countries, where there are marvels beautiful grottoes in the neighborhood, not to speak of other countries, where there are marvels beaute which this grotto would be as nothing. And then it is an insult to works of supreme beauty to unpose our approbation on them." Mamma talks of nothing but me; she relates all my childish sayings—the same things over and over again, you know. She still remembers that when she came back from the trimm if was 2 years old at the time) she said to me, on secount of some childish irolic or other. Marle is naughty. And I said to my nure (for, as you know, I was not weared until I was 35; years old. Marthe, let us go sway from here; mamma des not know Marle."

Maria."

My Dean Friend: The ancients were wrong in making Love a boy. It is the woman who love. If one could have a second self I should like to be that self, in order to render homage to my first self only because she renders home.

to my first self only because she tenders home age to Love.

What of the woman who loves you blindly? Is she appreciated, even if she adores you? Is she appreciated, even if she adores you? Is she appreciated, even if she adores you? Is she appreciated, even if she adores you had then throws certell at your leaf, you comprehend her grandeur of her love. And it is not because she thus humiliates herself that she is great, but because she exacts and ennobles you. Where is the man who would not sel nimself a god in the presence of adoration like this, and who would not, consequently, understand such a woman and render himself her equal!

Drag Mamma: We arrived at 5 this morning at the Grand Hetel, and though it is now only 5. I am writing to you, which proves my promptness. 5. I am writing to you, which proves my promptness.

I breathed freely for the first time in a fort-oight when I am France again. I am in splendid health: I sel that I am beautiful: it seems to me that I shall succeed in all I undertake: everything smiles on me, and I am happy, happy, happy!

She was forever begging for money. She

evidently never knew its value. Here are two of her begging letters:

The cidest of the and three services of the control of the control

Pans.

Ah. aunt. if you could send me a little of the vie metal!

In truth. I cannot understand how there can be people who might live in Paris and yet prefet to vegetate in Nice!

If you only knew how beautiful Paris is! At Laterrifres, (avoline is go e to the waters; the tall, thin girl tills her place, and not badly; at least with her I (an do as I choose.

Ah, aunt. do then, send me seme money.

For I am in thre distrate.

For I am in dire distrets.
And my heart, and my heart.
and and auxious thoughts oppress Not to go every day to the Bois is to die of summ; you know well that I detest running about the boulevard- and the shops. My only pleasure is to go breathe the pure air of the country, to inhale the awest odors of the Bois, te admire nature—the nature of the carriages and the dresses.

Ab, aunt, do, then send me some money.

God keep you, my friends. We, by the grace

What life! What animation! Songs, cries, on all sides. I feel at my ease here. We are here as if we were in the heart of a wood, in the

selea regoia of Dante. I know neither where the recopie are going nor what they are doing. I know nothing, nothing, nothing! But, as a flue slan poet says, our happiness consists in our miserable ignorance. He is right. I am ignorant of all that is going on here, and I am almost tranquil. I should take it very fill of the person who would attempt to draw me out of this miserable ignorance, who should say to me. "There is a ball there, a lette here." I should want to be there, and that would torment me.

me. There is a ball there, a lete bere." I should want to be there, and that would torment me.

Ah, how ricasant life is here! We visited the Pitti Palace, and afterward the picture gallery. The picture which struck me most was the Judgment of Solomon." the figures in me I-went costumes. There are several other pictures as naive as this. You know I have a respect for very old rictures, but this does not prevent me from seeing their delects. There was a Venus with feet so distorted that one might have thought she had been in the habit of wearing high-heeled shoes. My own feet are of a much better shape. There are very teautiful and curious objects in the naise, thousands of them. What I like best are the portraits, because they are not invented, composed, arranged. There is also a curious collection of miniatures. Why do we not dress now as they did in olden times? The present fashions are ugly. You know that I have settled on the sivic of dress I shall wear, once I am mairied—it is to be classic—the style of the Empire, or, rather, of the Fine-toure—but modest, very modest. There are some charming gowns, draced carelessly, and fastened in front with a belt. Ah, the women of to-day do not know how to dress; the most elegant of them are badly dressed. Well, nave patien e, if God grants me grace to do what I wish, you shall see one woman, at least, dressed with some taste.

Dean Grandpaper.

seff write to her father telling him that two noblemen had proposed for her hand, as Marie did in this letter? I robably not; certainly the the Bashairtseff family:

the Bash intest family:

Rome, March 10 (1876),

Dear Father: You have always been prejudiced against me, skinough I have never done anything to justiff such a feeling on your part. I have never lost the love and esteem for you, however, which every well-born girlowest other lather.

I regard it as my dury to consult you on all serious ma ters, and i am persuaded that you will take the interest in them which they deserve.

serve.

I have leen asked in marriage by Couet

B. Mau ma will have already told you of
this, but yester as t also received a proposal
from Count A., the nophew of Cardinal

A..... I co-sider myself too young to marry, but in any case I ask your advice in the matter, and I hope that you will give it to me. Both the gentlemen I have mamed are young, rich, and have done all in their power to please me. I legard them both with indifference.

While awaiting an answer to my letter I remain, with the greatest respect and esteem, your devoted and obedient daughter.

of the cry of her soul: "I must attain what I desire or I must die." The entire letter is equally characteristic. It is to Mile. Coliznon,

Ler governess:

I. who would like to live half a dozen lives at once, so not live even a querier of a life. I am held in letters, but God will have pily on me. I have no attenuth: I feel as if I must die. It is as I have said, I desire either to acquire all that God has given my mind the power to graso and to comerciant, in which case I should be worthy of attaining it, or to die. For if God cannot, without injustice to others, grant me overything, he will not have the crucity to allow an unnamy girl whom he has endowed with understanding and the ambition to excel in what she understands, to live.

God has not made me such as I am without some purpose. He cannot have given me the lower to understand all things in order to forture me by denying me everything. Such a supposition is not in accordance with the usture of God, who is just and merciful.

I must attain what I desire or I must die. He who is afraid, yet goes to meet danger, is braver than he who is not afraid. And the groups the car the gener the merit. The past lives in memory, and is consequently a cort of present. The future does not exist. Let us not try to evade the question by a sophism asying that this instant in which I am writing to you is already past: by the present we understant to-day: to-morrow, a week hence. This leads me to say that one should take no thought tor the future?

And do we gain anything by making the present unhappy, in order to enjoy the hope of inture happiness? Do not scold me, and good-by. Ler governess:

I. who would like to live half a dozen lives at

My Dean Friend: I am happy in your happiness: one can never learn good news too soon. Is it a merit to be calm when calmness is in one's nature? I am both ead and engaged. Nothing remains to me but the remembrance of a great disaspession ment, and if I am disgusted, it is to see that my life has been a failure. You know I had a sort of pride in thinking I was going to make my life glorious and beautifut. I regarded it with the selfish affection of a painter who is working on a picture which he desares to make his masterpiece. Bear well in mind the words that are underlined: in them you have the including a wear of all my vexations—past present and to come. I am so peculiarly constituted that I recard my life as something apart from me. and on this life I have fixed all my ambition and all my hopes: if it were not for this I should be indifferent to everything. Remember well, then remember well these words, my dear friend; they explain everything, and spare me the trouble of expressing and explaining my feelings.

I look prety to-day. Nothing beautifless con greatly as the consciousness of being beautiful. One should pay the strictest attention to little things, for life is made up of them, and one becomes worse than the animals if one neglects them. I am becoming a philosopher. Good-by.

LULY S.

DUAR MAMMA: What am I? Nothing. What

one becomes worse than the animais if one neglects them. I am becoming a philosopher. Good-by.

LULY S.

Dran Mamma: What am I? Nothing. What do I want? Everything let me test my spirit, fatigued by all these bounds toward the infinite, and let us return to A.—. Ah, still thinking oi him a boy, a miserable creature?

No, the principal thing is that I must leave my journal at home! I am taking Pietro's letter with me: I will fell you why; I have just reread it. He is unhappy! Why, then, has he so little spirit? It is all very well for me to speak in this way, in my excertionally independent position (for you indulge me greatly), but him! And those Romans—there are no people like them. Poor Pietro!

My future glory orevents me from thinking about him seriously; it seems to reproach me for the thoughts I devote to him.

No. Pietro is only a diversion—a strain of music in which to drown the lamentations of my sout. And yet I reproach myself for thinking of him, since he can be of no uses to me.

Ab, dear mamma, you cannot understand me, but I must tell you what I feel, all the same.

If I were remarkable for anything I should be famous—but remarkable for what? Singing and painting! Are they not snough? The one is present triumph; the other eternal glory!

For both alike it would be necessary to go to Rome, and to be able to study one must have a tranquil mind. I should have to take

my father with me and to do this I should have to go to Russia. Well, then, I will go there!

You are now in grief, but we shall one day triumph over all our enemies and we shall yet be happy, I promise you.

And after these letters, analytical, thoughtful, morbid, comes this childish burst of anger, grateful to the reader, and comforting, evidently, to the writer:

dently, to the writer:

TO M, DE M. (1878).

My white dor Pincio, which you have seen at our house, has just been stolen. I think they have taken him out of Paris. I am writing in all directions in the hope that some one of the charitable souls to whom I address myseld may catch the wretches who have taken him.

Can you imagine anything more base than to steal a dog? Such an action is simply vite. What! To take from its home a creature which is attached to its master, which is more intelligent than many bipeds, but which is unable to defend itself—this is the acme of meanness and wickedness.

wickedness.
You are happy. You have no dog to be stolen from ron. Well, parience!
What is to be done? I have advertised in the papers, offering a reward of two hundred frances for his recovery, but without result. Are not such people a disgrace to humanity?

TO HER BROTHER.

PARIS. Dec. 10 (1879).

We have been to the Dominican Convent to see Father Didon.

Need I tell you that Father Didon is the preacher who for the last two years has been rising so rapidly into fame, and of whom all Paris is just now talking? He had expected us. As soon as we arrived they sent to notify him, and we waited in a little reception room with glazed waits and floor, furnished with a table, three chairs, and a small store. I saw his portrait y-sterday, and I alreedy know that he had fine eyes (a beauty which L—P—does not posses.). He entered looking very antable, very succh like a man of the world, and very handsome in his beautiful white woollen robe, which reminded me of the gowns I wear in the house. But for his tonsure his head would resemble P de C's. He looks brighter, however, his eyes have a franker look, and his attitude is more natural, though extremely dignified. His features begin to grow heavy and his mouth has the same disagree ally erooke I look inta C's has. But he is very distinguish d looking, without any of the exangerated charm of the creole; he carries his head erect; he has a rale complexion, a fine forehead, beautiful white hands; a gay, and even as far as possible, a jovial air. One would like to see him with a moustache. Notwithstanding his dignified manner, he is very witty. O e can see plainly that he is fully aware of his popularity, that he is accustomed to adoration, and that he is sine erely delighted with the sensation he creates everywhere:

Mother M—had naturally written to him, telling him what a wonder he was going to see and I spoke to him phout painting his portrait.

He did not refuse, although he said it would be difficult, almost impossible—a young girl painting the portrait of Father Didon—he is see much before the public, so much talked about.

But it is precisely for that reason, idiot!

Lyas presented to him as a fervent admirer

bout.
But it is precisely for that reason, idjot!
I was presented to him as a fervent admirer
if his. I had never either seen him or heard
him speak before, but I imagined him just as of his. I had never either seen him or heard him speak tefore, but I imagined him just as he was, with the same inflections of voice at times low and persuasive, at times so foud as to be almost startling, even when conversing on ordinary subjects.

This is a poirrait that I feel thoroughly capable of executing, and if it could be arranged I should esteem myself very fortunats.

This devil of a monk cannot be very good. I think. Even before seeing ofm I was a little affaid of him. That would be disagreeable—a monk! A person who might sequire an influence over me, and that is a thing I do not at all desire.

He promised to come and see us, and for a moment I had the hope he would keep his promise.

But that was foolish, and all that I desire now is that he should con-ent to sit for me.

No hing in the world would better serve to further my ambition as an artist.

forth at some length in the following letter. They are clear, though they probably were not convicing to the young man who received the he had received before, and hoped would not

I have hestitated long before sending this. You yourself have so well understood that I could not write to you that you have discuised, even to you self, the request that I should do so under an appeal to my good feelings in general and a delicary of sentiment unconscious on your part, but for which I am obliged to you. If the question were aimply to answer the letter with grant man who is in love. I should my some that it was then, let us understand each other well. This is not a letter. I do not know whether I finiter you or not in supposing you canable of grasping the distinction. You are young, and you seem to be the vic im of a gruine passion (We shall see later whether this is the case or not. That goes a great may. I would please me to improve a follow-heing by exercising over him whatever good indicance. I might rosees. This would be a serious and an in eresting undertaking; an oil let at., which I should always be willing to undertake. The then, is what makes to taugh a little at your stratagems; this is an easy triumch however. I listen, then the want of candor, whether in important matters or in trifles, is equally repugnant to me. What also inspires me with a doubt as to the genulineess of the feeling you profess to entertain for me is that this feeling, had it been genuine, would have opened up to you a superior world, as it were, and would have endowed you. for the time, at least, with the faculities which would make you comprehend that with natures like mine a man would find favor only by laving action all sheet, that real facts however insignificant they might be, would amuse me less than your little inventions, even though they should be interesting to me only as human documents. And you still speak of confiding your sorrows to me as if I had forbidden you to do sa. You quote the Manual which you do not understand.

You are only a child.

The moment to which have paid me the compilment of taking me for your doing. In order to spare my mind the faction of the provence of a great deal of take, yo

go in peace.

Whenever you grow impatient or, like a commonplace person, fancy your rôle a ridiculous one, consult the little "Manual of the Period Lover." it will give you the measure of your cellnus. Let us assume as a fixed principle that there

proof of this is that one is happier in loving than in being loved. But all this is neither required nor commanded: the lover performs it naturally because he experiences a personal satisfaction in doing so. When there is the least hesitation, the least impatience, one should not one cannot think that one love, you will see then, whether or not you will bear these few months of trial—at the end of which there will be after all, only an uncertainty—not with patience only, but with pleasure.

All this, ad holium.

AMEN.

not with patience only, but with pleasure.

All this, ad holum.

To HER BROTHER.

Parts, 1880.

I am going to tell you about a proposal I have received from a prince; he dined with us, and during the evening he whistered in my ear that he wished to speak to me. My aunt was chatting with C—, and I consented to hear what he had to say.

"Ought I to marry?" he began.

Do rou see the trick, dear Paul?

"Yes, if you wish to do so," I answered.

"I do not wish to do so," I answered.

"Then do not marry. Is that all you had to say to me?

"No: I once told you that I loved you; well. I love you still. You will understand that it is a torture for me to come here in the circumstances. I am sick o it."

"I do, but whenever I say anything to you you insult me."

"No! at all: I am gay, and if I a forn our conversations with digressions it is b-cause, as you know, you leave an eternal time between your sentences."

"You will not laugh at me?"

"No, no, indeed; I am very serious."

But instead of answering he looked at me, and I saw that his eves had dark circles under them and that his forehead was even paler than usual.

"I must go away, must I not." he said at last, "and come here no more?"

"Why so?"

"Because I love you."

We had to speak in low tones in order not to be heard by the others, and this lent a sort of tender charm to our voices.

"I have fold you that I love you, and when one loves a young sirl there are not twenty ways of settling the question, are there? It

we had to speak in low tones in content of the be heard by the others and this lent a sort of tender charm to our volves.

"I have told you that I love you, and when one loves a young girl there are not twenty ways of settling the question are there? It can end only in one way or the other. Well, then, I must return no more.

"And why?" (I played the innocent,)

"Because I suffer too much in coming."

Then his eyes filed with tears. There was something childlike and winning in this emotion, but the headker-thef with which he wiped his eyes spoiled everything.

"On, come, come," I said, but without langhing." tears are all very well, but they should not be will all away by a bit of linen, but by he who has caused them to flow."

He made an imputient movement.

"Everything is not rose-colored in this world," I resumed, seriously; "not by any means rose-colored. My system of doing what gives one pleasure—is good, but it is not practicable; one can avoid doing what pains one, but as for doing what peanes one—it is not practicable; one can avoid doing what pains one, but as for doing what peanes one—it is not practicable; one can avoid doing a what pains one, but as for doing what peanes one—it is not practicable; one can avoid doing what pains one, but as for doing what peanes one—it is not practicable; one can avoid doing what pains one, but as for doing what peanes one—it is not practicable; one can avoid doing what pains one, it is sent to me, it is easy to say marry her or part with her forever."

"Listen." I returned: "it is easy to say marry her or part with her forever."

"Listen." I returned: "it is easy to say marry her or part with her forever."

"Used." I would be an honest man, but perhans you are not one, Marriage lasts a long time, a very long time. I do not believe in your love, which, however, may be sincers. I should like to be certain that it is so, So, you see, we must wait."

"How long."

"Let us see (I began to count on my fingers), five, six—until New Year's Day."

"That is too long."

"Well,

"And if, at the end of that time, you are convinced of my love, Mademoiselie, you will consent?"

"Ah, no. I do not say that, Monsieur: that would let to engage myself: I do not wish to engage myself. I do not wish to engage myself. I do not love you, but this delay is necessary to enlighten us with rogard to our mutual feelings."

"And then you will need three months more to come to a derision?"

"On, no. I will tell you my decision immediately."

And then I played the child, the innocent. After being by turns pensive, serious, and sarcastic, I spoke of my painting. "How could I possibly marry? I must paint. And then, might i not die?"

"I will paint with you, mademoiselle."

"Just so; and in these seven months you will learn to draw."

And then I began to praise a student's life; I spoke to him of my dowry, saying that that had a good deal to do with his love, Naturally he pretended to be indignant.

"Do you suppose that could not find money if I wished! Do I even know how much you have? I scorn your fortuse. It is yourself I love."

Well, dear Paul, I do not love him. I have not even that vague sentiment for him which

In fixing this delay of seven months, do "In fixing this delay of seven months, do you leave mer om for hope?"
"You should always hope, even if I were to give you a decisive no. Besides, I have found —I want you to copy something for me which I will afterward correct. Here is the document." He agreed.

In short, I exact no promise from him: he says he loves me, and I give him the opportunity of finding out whether this is the case or not. That is all. It is amusing, is it not?

Perhaps the most interesting of the letters are those which, under assumed namess he wrote to various well-known authors, asking for advice and giving it. With Dumas-for "M. Alexandre D—" can hardly be any one else— and with Maupassant—"M de M—," —the "old mother who avenges herself on the Prussians" betrays him. She maintains a correspondence of some length, while her letters to other literateurs were frequent enough also. These anonymous letters were written during 1883.

Monsieur: I am told that, like every self-respecting divinity, you are enveloped in a cloud which makes you regard the inhabitants of the earth with indifference.

I do not believe this, for the cloud in question is generally only a fog which gathers around the minds of those who are growing old; and you, monsieur, can never grow old.

But, philosopher or demigod though you be, it is impossible that you should refuse me what I am going to ask of you; impossible, because in the first place I desire it with all my heart, and in the next place it will cost you pothing. TO M. ALEXANDRE D-

because in the first place I desire it with all my heart, and in the next place it will cost you nothing.

What I ask is that you should be for once the spiritual director of a woman who desires to consult you, as she would a priest, regarding a very serious matter. But reassure yoursell, monsieur and illustrious man; I have not the slightest intention of recounting to you "the romance of my life," or anything else that would affect your nerves.

In your books you seem to be as great and as good as it is possible to be, and if you show yourself security in ow you will dest oy one of my most cherished illusions; and when there is no need of committing an action like this it is better to avoid doing so. If, then, you show yourself kind and symmathetic, and possessed of that goodness of heart characteristic of men of genius if do not wish to flatter you, but it is necessary that you should know why beach the knee before you and write to you in this humble style, if, then, you are as good as I imagine you to be, come on Thursday, March 29, to the ball at the Opera House, the only place where I can see you. Write me a line in answer, to the post office of the Madeleine, for you can understand that if you are not to be there I will not go.

If you are Olympic, however, if you have If you are Olympic, however, if you have

grown hourgeois, stay at home, for in truth you inspire me with a sacred awe, and I should be unable to uter a word in your presence.

I should like to say to you that I am a woman comme it aut, but that would make you think the contrary. As this do-ument is in my handwriting it would be very amiable of you to return it to me. TO THE SAME.

You are right; novel reading has turned my head. Such things should not be done.

I cried with anger at your thinking what you did, but I was in truth too silly. You are not the man to whom to send foolish epistics, coried by a nublic scribe.

It is an escapade, however, which has caused me not a little unhappiness!

At all events, I assure you that I was not deciving you; that, inding myself face to face with a situation from which I saw no way of extricating myself, forced to take a desperate resolution. I payed to God and I then thought of you, fancying you might be the rare being who, instead of taking me for one of 'those women of the world who," &c., would understand that a soul in terment had come to you for light.

You make me feel forcibly the difference that exists between what we imagine and what really is I will keep early hours, I promise you; thus, thanks to you, I shall always remain young.

As to the guidance of which I stand in need I shall ask it from Him who suggested to me the thought of asking it from you.

Sieep well, monsieur, and continue to be as

To M. DE M— (MAUPASSANT?)

Monsieur: I read your works, I might almost say, with delight, In truth to nature, which you copy with religious fidelity, you find an inspiration that is truly sublime, which you move your readers by touches of feeling so profoundly human, that we fancy we see ourselves depicted in your pages, and love you with an ego istical love, is this an unmeaning compliment? Be indulgent, it is sincere in the main.

You will understand that I should like to say many five and striking things to you, but it is rather difficult, all at once, in this way. I regret this all the more as you are sufficiently great to inspire one with romantic dioas sof becoming the confident of your beautiful soul, always suppoing your soul to be ceautiful.

If your soul is not beautiful, and if those things are not in your line. I shall regret it for your sake, in the first place; and in the next I-hall set you down in my mind as a maker of literature, and dismiss the matter from my thoughts.

For a year reast I have had the wish to write to you and was many times on the point of doing so, but—sometimes I thought I exaggerated your merits and that it was not worth white. Two days ago, however, I saw suidebly, in the Gamois, that some one had honored you with a flattering epistic, and that you inquired the address of this amiable peason in order to answer him. I at ones became jealous, your ilterary merits dazzled me anew and—here is my letter.

And now let me say that I shall always preserve my incognito for you. I do not even desire to see you Ir ma a distance—your countorance might not planse me who can tell? All I know of you now is that you are young and that you are young and that you are not married, two essential peints, even for a distant adoration.

But I must tell you that I am charming; this sweet relection will stimulate you to answer my letter. It seems to me that if I were a mail I should wish to hold no communication, not even an epistolary one, with an old lright of an Englishwoman, whatever might he

TO THE SAME.

Your letter, monsieur, did not at all surprise me, and I did not by any means expect what you seem to think.

But let me first -ay that I did not sak to be your confidant -that would be a little too foolish; and if you have the time to re-read my letter, you will see what you might have seen at a glance had you deigned to take notice of it—the fronical and disparaging manner in which I speak of miself.

You mention to me also the sex of your other correspondent; I thank you for reassuring me on that point, but as my jealousy was of an ait gether spiritual nature, it is a matter of little consequence to me.

Only sixty? I should have supposed you besleged by a greater number. Have you answee ed them all?

Perhaps mr mental qualities do not suit you
—in which case you would be hard to please;
in short. I imagine that i know you this, too,
is the effect novelists produce on weak-headed
women of the middle classest. It may be that
you are right, however.

As I write to you with the utmost frankness,
in consequence of the feeling I have mentioned, you think me, perhaps, a sentimental
young person, or even an adventuress. This
would be very vexatious. Make no excuses,
therefore, for your want of romance, of gallantry, &c.

Becidedly my letter must have been stupid.

To my great regiet, then, it seems we must
remain as we are—unless I should take the notion some day to prove to you that I do not deserve to be number 61. As for your reasoning,
it is sound; but you are mistaken in the facta,
I forgive you for it, then, and even for the
erasures, and the old woman, and the Prussians!

New you be happy!

sians!
Nay you be happy!
However, if y, u need only a vague description to induce you to disclose to me the beauties of your withered and scentless soul, take this: Fair hair, medium height, born some time between 1812 and 1863. And intellectually!
—no. I should seem a braggart and you would know at once that I was from Marseilles.

You are horribly bored!

Ah, cruel one! You say this in order to leave me no illusion regarding the cause of your favor of—which for the rest arrived very opportunely and delighted me.

It is true that I am only amusing myself, but it is not true that I am as well acquainted with you as you say. I assure you solemnly that I do not even know the color of your complexion or your height, and of your private character I know only as much as I gather from the lines you favor me with, and that through the disruise of not a little evil-mindedness and affectation. the discusse of not a little evil-mindedness and affectation.

In short, for a dull naturalist, you are not stupid, and my answer would be a volume if I did not restrain myself through vanity. I must not let you think that all my energy goes in that ultretion.

Let us settle accounts about the old stories, in the first place, if you will: that will take some time, for do you know that you overwhelm me with them? You are right—in the main.

some time. for no you know that you overwhelm me with them? You are right—in the
main.

But art consists precisely in making us admite old stories, charming us with them eterhally, as anture charms with her eternals un,
her ancient sarth, and her men built all on the
same pattern, and all animaled by the same feelings; but—there are also musicians who have
only a few notes, and painters who have only
a few notes, and painters who have only
a few notes, and painters who have
only a few notes, and painters who have
only a few notes, and painters who have
only a few notes, and painters who have
only a few notes, and painters who have
only a few notes, and painters who have
only a few notes, and painters who have
only to highly honored.

Old stories, let it be!—the mother in the
power of the Irussians in literature, and
Jeanne d'Are in painting.

Are you in truth—ure that a wit its that the
word) would not find in them ancew and touching side?

As a weekly chronicle, indeed, your letter is
well enough, and what I say of it—and those
other old stories about your profession being a
hard one! You take me for a bearyzouse who
takes you for a poet, and you endeavor to enlighten me. George Sand bosstel of writing
for mosey, and the industrious Flaubert bewalled his poverty. The suitering he makes
others feel he let himself. Palzac made no
such complaint, but was always full of enthuslasm for his work. As fer Motesquieu, if I
may venture to express an opinion, his taste
for study wasso keen that, as it was the soureof his fame, it was also the source of his happiness, as the undermistress of your imaginary school would say.

As har as being well paid is concerned, it is
all very well, for no one was ever really
famous without being also rich, as the Jow
Baahrou, the contemporary of Job, says,
thragments preserved by the learned Soitzbute of Berlin.) And then, everything gains
by a good setting—beauty, genius, even
religion. Did not Go-i come himself to
give directions to his servant Moses
concernin main. But art consists precisely in making us ad

The dried-up old maid-misery! there she comes-the concierge. TO THE SAME. I am now going to tell you something which may seem incredible, which you estecially, will never believe and which coming after the event, has only a historical value. It is that I, too, have had enough of it. At your third letter my enthusiasm was coded. Satisty?—
And then, I prive only that which I am not sure of. I should then, now come to you.

Why did I grat write to you? I swoke one fine morning and found that I was a wonder-

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INDIA SILKS

before swine—

What if I were to write to some famous man, a man worthy of comprehending me? That would be charming, remantle, and—who could tell?—after a certain number of letters I should perhais, in this nov-l way, have acquired a friend. Then I asked myself who this man should be, and I selected you!

Such a correspondence could be possible only under two conditions.

The second of these is an unbounded admiration on the part of the unknown. From an unbounded admiration arises a bond of sympathy which causes one to express one's self in such a way as will inertiably touch and interest the famous man.

Neither of these conditions exists here. I chose you with the hope of conceiving for you later on an unbounded admiration? For I then thought you comparatively young. I began, then, with leigning admiration for you, and I have ended by saying "unbecoming" and seven rude things to you admitting what you have conde-cended to perceive. At the point at which we have arrived, I may confess that your odious letter has made me pass a very bad day.

I feel as deeply wounded as if I had received a real offence, which is absurd.

Adleu, with pleasure.

If you still keep them, send me my autographs; as for yours, I have already sold them in America at a ridiculous price.

TO THE BAME.

I understand your distrust. It is very unlikely that a woman comme if faul, who is both young and preity, should amuse berself writing to you. Is that it? But Monsieur-but I think you decide yourself. And it is very the ing to you. Is that it? But Monsieur-but I think you decide yourself. And it is very the ing to you. Is that it? But Monsieur-but I think you decide you can be the propose to be interesting to you. It make me the horizon if the adventure is easy, it has no attraction for me; if impossible, it would be useless, and a bore to attempt it. I have not the happiness to be between these twe extremes, and it tell you so good-natured it. I have not the happiness to be between the eless, and a bore to attempt it. I have not the happiness to be between the eless, and a bore to attempt it. I have not the happiness to be between the horizon if impossible, it would be useless, and a bore to attempt it. I have not the happiness to be between the eless, and a bore to attempt it. I have not the happiness to be between the horizon if impossible in it. I have not the happiness to be between the horizon if impossible, it would be useless, and a bore to attempt it. I have not the happiness to be between the set we were the propose in the midst of your Parisian materialism? A spiritual friendship? I do not refuse to meet you, and I am even going to make arrangements for doing so without giving you notice. If you knew that you were being observed for a purpose it might make you look foolish. The middle have the bad taste not to find me a wonderful being. More than the propose it might make you look foolish. The middle have the bad taste not to find me a wonderful being, do you think i should be padised, however innocent my intentions? I do not say but that some day—I even count upon surprising you not a little on that day.

Meantime if it bores you, is turn to find me a wonderful being, do you while in the youn to be alone and in need of pit. and the youn to be alone and in need of pits, and it was a won

woman of the people.
Only do not laugh.
Go to a clairvoyant, and let him sense my letter, and he will tell you my age, the color of my hair, my aurroundings, &c.
You will write to let me know what he has revealed to you.

"Humbuc, supidity, nonsense,"you will say, Ah! Monsieur, that is perfectly true; even I do not deny it. But in my case it is because I desire great things which I have not attained —yet. And with you the same must be the

case. I am not so simple as to ask you what are your secret aspirations, although my lilness has revived in me a candor a la Chérie.

How naif is that old Japanese naturalist in a Louis XV, wig!

And you think that after writing, nothing would be simpler than to come and say: "I am he." am he."
I assure you, that that would annoy me exceedingly.

They say you admire only strong-minded women with black hair. Is that tru.?
To see each other! Let me then charm you by my-literature, you who have had such success in that line!

There are many hints that she wrote to per-

sons of distinction without knowing them. With such boldness the following letter was evidently sent:

TO M. EDMOND DE GONCOURT.

MONSIEUB: Like all the rest of the world I have read "Cherie," and, between ourselves, the book is full of poor passages. She who has the boldness to write to you now is a young girl who was brought up among luxuri-cus, fashionable, at times peculiar surroundings. This young girl, who, three months ago, completed her 23d year, is roundings. This young girl, who, three months ago, completed her 23d year, is well-educated, an artist, and ambitious. She has several note books, which contain her impressions as she has recorded them, from the time she was twelve years old. She has concealed nothing. The young girl in question is, lesides, endowed with a feeling of pride, which has obliged her in these notes to set her elf down exactly as she is.

To show these records to any one would be to lay bare to him her immest soul. But she has a love for all true art—excessive, incensate, if you will. She thinks it would interest you to see this journal, you have said some there that you read with delight the record of any real experience. Well, she who has accompished nothing as yet, but who has the vanity to think she already comprehends the sentiments of men of genius, share—your feeling, and at the risk off appearing in your eyes a mad woman or as imposter, other you her yournal. (this you will understand, Monsieur, the necessity of o serving absorber, other you her yournal, chip you will understand Monsieur, the necessity of o serving absorber, exceep in the matter. The coung girl resides in Paris, goes into society, and he people whom she mentions are all living. This letter is addressed to a great writer, to an artist, to a scread, and consequently requires no excuse, in my opinion, But by most people, with the object of iteration of genius, with the object of iteration of genius, with the object of iteration of the residual to him my ournal at that time it was thought that I had too tong to live! I prefer to give it to you daring my illetime.

If you think that what I desire is your autograph, you need not sign what you do me the honor to write to me.

J. R. I. (poste restante). TO M. EMILE ZOLA.

Monsieur: I have read all that you have ever written, without missing a single word. If you have ever so sinch a conscious loss of your own merits, you will understand my enthusiasm. And in order that you may not think this enthusiasm mere slive year. I will say that I am very exacting and very critical in the matter of literature having read aims at everything, in addition to having studied the classics, although I am a woman.

You are a great savant and a great artist, but the quality in you which more particularly excites my admiration is your love for truth. I have the audicty to share it, is it not augent to say I share anything with a great artist, but the quality in you which more particularly excites my admiration is your love for truth. I have the audicty to share it, is it not augent to say I share anything with a great cannot be pleased by the wretched homage of a woman who approaches you cannot be pleased by the wretched homage of a woman who approaches you cannot be pleased by the syou, &c." But the feeling that forces me to

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Day genis.

That would give me pain, but accept, in any case, monsieur, the homage of the most profound, the truest, and the sincerest admira-

And here, to close, are some random selections which are especially characteristic:

I wore a gown of a clinging and elastic material that modestly revealed the outlines of my figure; my hair was dressed à la Psyche, gathered up at the back of the head in a knot of natural curls. Every one said that my appearance was entirely original—colflure, costume. figure—I seemed a living statue, and not merely a young lady, like so many others. You should be proud, my dear boy, to have a sister like me.

You should be proud, my dear boy, to have a sister like me.

The music was divine, enveloping me like a triple cloak of well-being, which warmed my heart and enchanted me.

As I do not intend to devote myself seriously to music, I have learned only so much of it as a person of taste who does not intend to compose should know.

Music disposes to life, to gayety, to tears, to love, in short to whatever agitates, pleases, or torments, while drawing is an occupation which raises one above earthly things and renders one indifferent to everything but one's at. You ask me which I prefer—art or the beautiful in nature: I prefer neither: I admire both equally, but the beautiful in nature gives complete delight only when one is conscious of arti-tic power—which is a great, a vary great power.

PAWNED HER WEDDING RING FOR FOOD. Mrs. McKeon's Appeal to Her Husband

Mary McKeon of 154 East Eighty-eighth atreet was arraigned at Essex Market yester-day on a charge of malicious mischief. Bhe is the wife of Charles McKeon, the proprietor of the saloon at Hester and Chrystle streets, where Martin Engle was so brutally beaten where Martin Engle was so brutally beaten two weeks ago. She married McKeon five years ago. Last December he deserted her, she says, and has since been living with a woman named Mary Schultz at 150 Allen street. She also says that since McKeon left her he has con ributed nothing toward her support.

On Friday eve ing Mrs. McKeon went to Mary Schultz's house, she says and appealed to her husband in vain to return to her or to give her seme money althouch she told him she had been obliged to pawn her wedding ring the day helore to buy food Mary Schultz's house. As Mrs. McKeon turned her out. There is a cigar store in the frient part of the house. As Mrs. McKeon turned to leave, her umbrelia, which she had under her arm, strock the show case window, as she says, accidentally. The window was broken. Mary Schultz ran out of the house and called Foliceman Piace of the Hiridge street station, who arrested Mrs. McKeon. Place is the same officer who was on duty near McKeon's sai on at the time Engle was beaten. Justice Smith held Mrs. McKeon for trial. After she was taken back to the prison she wrote this letter to the Justice.

"Dear Sig: I desire to lay my trouble before tou. I hone you will forgive me for troubling you. My husband, Charles McKeon, will not live with me. He lives with Mary Schultz at 150 Allen street. I went there yesterday to induce him to go home. I have no money to defend myself. I had to pawn my wedding ring yesterday to get along. Mary Schultz told me in the station house that she would have my hu band in spite of me.

"Last summer she took him to Europe. They were absent four months. I do not know what to do. I have been abused until I am broken hearted. Since I have been married I have near hothing but trouble from him. Not iong ago he promised on his bended knees to give up his wicked ways and do better. God help me. I fraist your Honor will assist me.

"Justice Smith rend the letter, but said he could do nothing for her. two weeks ago. She married McKeon five